Vol. VI Numb. 1

The EXAMINER.

From Friday May 21, to Monday May 24, 1714.

Quid ſit futurum cras, fuge quærere.
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ.
——Qu libet exules
In parte regnanto beati:
Dum Priami Paridiſq; buſto
Inſultent armentum, & catulos feræ
Celent imultæ—————— Horace.

I Promiſed the *Whigs* ſome time ago, that I would drop this Paper, and lay down my Pen, at the cloſe of the *Fifth Volume*. A good Account will be expected from me, becauſe I have not kept my Word; eſpecially in an Affair that ſo nearly concerns the Peace and Welfare of that People. Now if I do not produce very good Reaſons for my entring upon a *Sixth Volume*, notwithſtanding any Prior Engagements to the contrary, I ſhall freely ſubmit to their Reproaches (if they have any in ſtore which have not yet been heap'd upon me) and will, with Patience, ſurrender my ſelf to their Diſcretion, among the Great Men whoſe *Bona fide* they have been ſo free with, and have ſo ſeverely Cenſured them for *Breach of Promiſe*; which they conſider as an Infringement of their Rights, and an Invaſion of their Property.

I ſhall not in the leaſt inſiſt on the great Growth of *Banter*, nor of the particular Uſes and Improvements of that Faculty in *State Affairs*. I ſhall not quote my Precedents, tho' never ſo proper and of ſo much weight, from their *Party*. They have Inſtances among them of Writers (ſuch as they are, and as their Cauſe deſerves) who have been malicious enough to threaten them, that they would take an *Apoſtle's* Advice, and *ſtudy to be Quiet and do their own Buſineſs*: And if the Party took the Hint, and advanced in their *Subſcriptions*, all was forgotten, and they open'd a new Vein of Scandal the very next Week: For as their Pay mended, the Nation was more in danger than ever. But theſe little Regards are as far from my Thoughts, as they are Uſeleſs in the Cauſe I have undertaken. Whilſt others indulge themſelves in the groſſeſt *Wickedneſs* with this View, I cannot bring my ſelf to be even *Whimſical* upon the ſame Conſiderations. I have other Reaſons of much greater Force to offer, why I cannot yet lay down.

I will not Deſert my *Allies*. I will not make a *Separate Peace*. I cannot agree even to a *Ceſſation of Arms*, except an *Equivalent* be put into my Hands. I muſt make *one more Campaign*, unleſs the Ends of the War are fully anſwer'd. I *expect*, that Application ſhould be made to me; and I will Treat *Pen in Hand*. Theſe are good Principles; and tho' of late they have paſſed through very foul Hands, yet they are only ſullied a little by the *Whigs*; who, if they can make a Noiſe with a Maxim, care not how impertinently they urge it, nor whether they apply it in the proper Place or no. When they have done with the *Rattle*, the *Tories* may take it again; and tho' they have breath'd upon it, yet a very little wiping will reſtore any Propoſition to its firſt Uſe and Meaning, to its primitive Clearneſs and Luſtre. Now the *Whigs* are ſo far from being diſpoſed to give over the Quarrel, and to make themſelves and others eaſy; that tho' I cannot ſay, without affronting an Impoſſibility, that they are grown more Saucy and Inſolent than ever; yet I can upon very good Grounds affirm, that the Habit is become ſtronger by Uſe; and ſo firmly rooted in them, that, like ſome of their boaſted Rights, it is affix'd to their Nature. 'Tis true (and they may call it Modeſty if they pleaſe) their Lyes and Calumnies are more capable of being reduc'd to a *Ballance* and fairly ſtated, than their *Accounts*. Their Sedition and Rage againſt the Government is not new. They Teaze and Worry, and Tire out their Writers, with ſtale Stuff and Reams of Tautology; more than thoſe Writers can poſſibly Teaze the Government and Miniſtry. They have made no Diſcoveries; nor open'd any new Sluices and Streams of Scandal. But yet like the Ingenious *Winſtanley* and other Maſters in *Hydroſtaticks*, they have laid their Pipes ſo well, and diſpos'd their Wheels and Machines in ſuch Order, that the ſame Maſs and Body of Water, with good Husbandry and Management, circulates and comes round again at proper Periods, as they direct it; either to ſprinkle the By-ſtanders, or play upon the ſeveral Notes fitted to that purpoſe, or to fill the Noſes, Mouths, and Nudities of thoſe Monſters and Devils, which they have ſet up in open View, for the Publick to gaze at and admire: By which means, a ſmall quantity of the ſame filthy Liquid, by an artificial Flux and Reflux, as they manage the *Caſcade*, is made to reſemble an ever-running Stream, and to look like inexhauſtible.

Till their Rage againſt their Country, their Indignities to a Throne fill'd with Lenity and Goodneſs, their Malice againſt a Faithful Miniſtry, their implacable Hatred of a vaſt Majority of their Brethren and Fellow-Subjects, their Thirſt of Revenge and Cravings after Dominion and Wealth, ſhall abate or admit of ſome ſhort Interval; to retire and be ſilent is to deſert a good Cauſe: And tho' by their own Behaviour one would think, they held it for a Crime, to make Peace with a routed Enemy; yet certainly ſuch an Enemy ſhould be purſu'd, till he ſubmits, and agrees to whatever Terms are juſt and reaſonable in themſelves, and neceſſary for the common Safety and Tranquility. Me they Attack on all Sides; and with all ſorts of Weapons. Out of *Twenty Papers a-Month* (and of late they have Spawn'd ſeveral New Ones) at leaſt *Fifteen* are aim'd at the *Examiner*; and the ſame is the Caſe with their Pamphlets. One puts *Queries* to me about the *Peace*, *Ceſſation*, *Barrier*, *Commerce*, &c. which have been anſwer'd at leaſt ten times over; and then Cracks, That he has defy'd me; perhaps commends my Caution; and wiping his Mouth, adds very gravely, That he ſhould be glad to have a fair Account of theſe Things.

If

If I oblige any of these *Queriſts*, a ſubtle Rogue from another Quarter ſlaps me over the Mouth with *Tautology*. One obſcure Puppy Yelps at me in a few *hard Names*: For which his *Second* calls him *The Learned, The Ingenious*, and delivers me over to be Laſh'd by him at his leiſure. That *Tool*! that *Wretch*! that *Scribler*! that *Examiner*! ſays *Tom*. *To this*, ſays *Dick*, *the* Examiner *hath been pleas'd to make no Reply*. Then *Jack* chimes in with the reſt of the *Catalogue*; as *Jacobite*, *Hireling*, *French Papiſt*, &c: And if I let them alone, the precious Wags conclude, That I am a *Harden'd Incorrigible Wretch*; and they can do no Good with me, in order to my Amendment. Now where Men Reaſon and Argue at this violent Rate; Is it not time to exert one's Self? I find, by daily Experience, that where I cannot Reform, I certainly Provoke; and therefore I ſhall go on Provoking, till they grow better; whereby I may perhaps divert ſome of their Rage from worthier Objects; tho', as they manage the Controverſy, there can be no worſe Character than a *Miniſter of State*; and therefore I am better pleas'd when they only call me, *The Examiner*.

But there is a Reaſon which prevails with me to carry on this Work yet further, that is of much greater Weight, and more nearly affects me. I am menac'd, in Company with a great Majority of my Countrymen, with the arrival of the D. of C——; which is ſtill contended for by the *Whigs*, as the Means to reſtore their *Party*; and a ſmall *Author*, of about a Weeks ſtanding, hath been pleas'd to declare; *That the* Examiner *in particular, will ſhrink in that Day of Tryal*. I would omit nothing, that may convince the World, with what Contempt I entertain that Suggeſtion. I cannot form an Idea of any Dangers, which could divert me from the Undertaking I am engag'd in: But I muſt own, I ſee nothing like Danger in the Incident, about which theſe People make ſo much Noiſe. No Appearances ſhall perſuade me, that the D. of C—— is capable of coming over, upon any other Invitation than *Her M*——*s*. I know there is more Wiſdom, Honour, and Gratitude at *Ha*——*r*, than for us to imagine there could be any addition made, by the arrival of Bar—n *S*—*z*: And whoever dares attempt to perſuade the People, that a *Prince* of that *Illuſtrious Houſe* (who are the common Hope of our Country) would come to the Aſſiſtance of a routed *Faction*, in the manner the *Whigs* impudently give out at preſent, brings a worſe Reflection upon that Family, and more Danger upon the Succeſſion, than any thing ever yet charg'd upon the *Examiner*. Let them ſay, the *Tories* are for the Pretender *in their Hearts*: But let them not, at the ſame time, declare in effect *with their Lips* againſt the *Succeſſion*, and openly Publiſh it to the World.

I ſhall take a proper Time to reckon with the *Faction*, and with their Puny *Advocate*, who talks of *Reaſons* in his *Title-Page*, upon the Subject now before us. Mean while I ſhall cloſe this *Paper* with a *Memorial* from the Sieur *Tugghe*, a Perſon, whoſe Name is very well known in *Britain*, ever ſince the Affair of *Dunkirk* was in agitation.

A moſt humble Addreſs or Memorial preſented to R. S. *Eſq; by the Sieur* Tugghe, *Deputy*, &c.

High and Mighty!

'THE Sieur *Tugghe*, Deputy, *&c.* ever ſince his departure from *B*——*n*, hath been touch'd with 'the deepeſt Concern and Sorrow of Heart, upon the 'firſt Notice of his having incurr'd your Diſpleaſure 'and Reſentment, in the manner you are pleas'd to 'expreſs, to which all *Europe* are Witneſſes.

'He was Thunder-ſtruck by the Denunciation made 'to him, and ſent over by your then Miniſter, the '*Bailiff* of *S*.——*ge*, and could not have imagin'd, 'that a Potentate endu'd with ſo much native Clemency, ſo much Chriſtian Charity and Love of Mankind, 'could have come to ſuch ſevere Reſolutions, or have 'executed thoſe Reſolutions ſo ſuddenly, and in their 'fulleſt Extent. Eſpecially conſidering, that the Object of *Your Mightineſs*'s Indignation, takes this firſt 'Opportunity of proſtrating himſelf at your Feet, 'humbly imploring you to remit his Offence, to pity 'his Groans, and to make him an Example of your 'Clemency.

'What high Ideas the Court of the *King* my Maſter 'hath by this time entertained of *Your Mightineſs*'s 'Puiſſance and Glory, the Sieur *Tugghe* doth with 'trembling acknowledge. But he well hoped, that no 'Omiſſions of his in point of Form, no Applications 'to any other Potentate, when conſiſtent with the Duty 'and Veneration he hath for *Your Mightineſs*, and 'which he ſhall always take care to preſerve Inviolable, 'could have obliged you, ſo renowned through the 'World for your Juſtice and Piety, to pour the Bolts 'of your Vengeance not only upon the Head of your 'humbleſt Suppliant, but upon Eighteen thouſand Families; who were in no wiſe acceſſary to his Guilt, 'nor had done any thing to deſerve your Diſpleaſure.

'I can now inform you, Sir, with Tears and a Heart 'full of Anguiſh, That *Dunkirk* is Demoliſh'd. Not 'only the Martial Works, that ſtruck Terror on all the 'Beholders, and were thought Impregnable againſt all 'Valour, except *Your Mightineſs*'s, but the Mole, 'Dikes, Baſons and Harbour, are all levelled and deſtroyed; a Spectacle full of Horror, and a laſting Monument of your Anger and Indignation, againſt the 'Inhabitants of a Town, long ſince overwhelm'd with 'Grief. So many Thouſands, Mighty Sir! reduc'd to 'Want and Miſery, might have pleaded for your Commiſeration: But you were (pardon the Expreſſion) 'Implacable; their Doom was gone out, and you 'would not Alter or Reverſe it.

'Whether ſhould ſo many wretched Families betake 'themſelves? Could they look upon themſelves devoted, by ſo great a Lover and Benefactor to Mankind as *Your Mightineſs*, to utter Miſery and Diſperſion? Far be that Thought from our Hearts. But 'ſcarce had we made a ſmall Settlement of ſome few 'Families at *Mardyke*, when the melancholy News 'reach'd our Ears, of the Umbrage taken againſt us at '*Your Mightineſs*'s Court; contrived by Evil-minded 'Men, the Enemies of Society; intending to make 'you Jealous of us, as if we were about to Fortify and 'Erect another *Dunkirk* there; a Work, alaſs! as 'much unequal to our Circumſtances, as it is diſtant 'from our Intentions; whereby we might once more 'become the deplorable Objects of your Vengeance.

'To prevent this Blow, we now lay our ſelves at '*Your Mightineſs*'s Feet; intreating you to ſatisfy your 'Juſtice with our preſent Miſery. It cannot be, Sir, 'that ſuch Works and Fortifications can be begun and 'carried on, without the Knowledge of a Potentate, ſo 'Great and Diſcerning; and without expoſing us to 'that Vengeance, which we have already found is too 'heavy for us to bear. Entertain therefore, *High and Mighty!* more benign Sentiments of your Servants, 'whatever your Political Views may be at preſent, 'which we do not preſume to enquire into: And believe, that where we have ſo much Reaſon to Fear, 'we ſhall not be over-haſty to Tranſgreſs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Juſt Publiſh'd, printed with an Elziver Letter, a neat Pocket Edition of, Heraclitus Ridens: Or, A Diſcourſe between Jeſt and Earneſt; where many a True Word is pleaſantly ſpoken, in Oppoſition to all Libellers againſt the Government. Sold by John Morphew near Stationers Hall. Where may be had Dr. Swift's Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe.

AT the Golden Sugar-Loaf, right againſt the Horſe at Charing-Croſs, up one pair of Stairs, are all Sorts of Morning Gowns ſold for Men and Women of Brocades, rich flower'd Damask Sattins, and Callicoes; being the Goods of People that have fail'd, and can be afforded a great Pennyworth. N. B. Any Gentlemen or Ladies may have the right Silk Wadding for Interlinings, being the ſofteſt, warmeſt, and lighteſt Thing that ever was known to the World, done after the Indian Manner, and as cheap as Colcheſter Bays; with the neweſt Sorts of Quilted and Canvas Petticoats and Waſtecoats for Ladies.

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